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My friend named Evan

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Chapter 1 by Lizbeth

"And so, you wanted revenge?" he casually said. I watched him as he slacked into the couch. His tall slender frame looked like a bag of bones which found its way to the comfortable sofa. Sometimes, I asked myself why he was here in the first place. Not that it really mattered.

I sighed as I placed two cups of hot chocolate on the coffee table. I originally insisted on coffee or tea, but he stubbornly told me that he prefers chocolate. chocolate keeps him alive or so it seems.

I sat across him.

"Will you agree to my proposition or not?"

"With your flaming red hair, I wouldn't see any reason to decline your offer." He said. "However, what you are asking is quite pricey."

"Ha!" I huffed as I looked at him, pale as ever, his silvery hair illuminating under the setting sun, it would be dark soon. he would have to work soon. "Mister death reaper-

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Chapter 2 by Taliesin

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I'm sure you are wondering how this all came to be? Why there's this creepy guy, Evan, in my living room sipping on hot chocolate. Well let me tell you that it all started two years ago in a small town of Glendale.

It was a smoky little town in the middle of no where. And I do mean no where. The nearest other civilization was at least 8 hours away by car. It wasn't a bad town since it was so small so everyone knew each other pretty well. It was kinda like one big family, except we weren't all related by blood. You get what I mean.

I was 14 back then, starting my first year in Glendale Highschool. It wasn't really as glamourous as how movies depicted highschools, especially since everyone knew each other since birth. It just felt like middle school basically.

So there I was, first day of class getting dressed in my new uniform. It was a cute little blue uniform with a skirt that seemed a bit too short. Well, it was designed by Mr. Burlington, the town pervert (at least that's what's said behind his back) and Principle of Glendale High. Not too sure how he got into his position though, and more confusing is how he's keeping it.

But I'm getting off track. So after I put on my uniform and left the front door, I was greeted by my childhood friend Billy Foreman. A stout fellow and a bit slow, but still cheery and can always bring a smile to your gloomy day.

"Good day Mrs. Abbott, fine sunny day to be stuck indoors learning about crap you will never need in real life." Billy brightly stated while doing a silly little bow and tipping his imaginary hat

I laughed, "Right you are Mr. Foreman," going along in the act and curtsying.

We walked to school together talking and laughing about the most random stuff from magical goats that spew acid to ghost that grant wishes. It was just an ordinary day in the town of Glendale, but little did I know that it will be its last.

Chapter 2 by Heidi Beddoe

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"I don't know," I replied. "I think we'd better go inside and see what's going on."

We walked up the steps of Glendale High slowly, looking up and down the street as we went. Cars were parked in their spots as usual, but there was no traffic. Storefronts looked normal, but no customers went in and out. Even Sal's Diner, which was usually packed, looked deserted.

When we entered the building, we looked in the front office window. Mr. Burlington's secretary, Margaret Hillton, whom we had all named Large Marge a long time ago, was slumped over her desk. The door to Mr. Burlington's office was hanging from one hinge. We shuddered. Now what?

Chapter 4 by Vanilla



"Oh my god! What has happened here!?" My shuddering had got worse.

"Um, Gaia-"

"We need to tell someone. Let's check on Mr. Burlington"

"GAIA!"

Billy's sudden shriek caused me to turn reflexively, only to see he wasn't there. Just air. He had vanished like a ghost. I looked around frantically, trying to see...anything. He couldn't just disappear into thin air.

"Billy! Don't play tricks on me!" I shouted, though I perfectly knew that he wouldn't something like that so now.

After about fifteen minutes of a panicked search, I didn't find him. I was getting more frightened by the minute. I was... alone. The word itself was horror. All my previous courage, if there was any, was gone with him.

Left with only two options, to go back home, by the deserted road, or stay here. The former

sound of a car in the distance, but I didn't dare look back.

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I was too afraid to approach him, but I had to. I took a deep breath and I looked at Mr. Burlington's office. He was gone. I turned to the right and I looked at the table.

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It was a small printed paper, with no folded edges or creases. I read it twice, letting the meaning sink in. Funny, how mere typed words could explain such a huge... holocaust. My fear lessened as rage overcame it.

Beside the paper, was another paper, with the words written on it shabbily, as if the person was in a hurry. It said 'Evan Smith Sal's Diner get help! I knew what to do now.

Chapter 5 by YRG



I won't keep you in suspense about how or why I knew what to do.

You see, one of the reasons we lived so far from the rest of civilization was because our town was above one of the particle detectors of the Large Hadron Collider. And one of the other jobs that Mr. Burlington had, in addition to high school principle and uniform designer, was chief custodian of the junction where atoms were smashed into one another at very high rates of speed. The small printed paper on his desk was filled with details about how the recently discovered Higgs boson had seemed to cause a cascading effect of localized vacuum decay. Since I'd been taking Mr. B's advanced curriculum physics class, I knew that this explained the disappearances. People were being dissolved into space.

Since this was ground zero for these events (as Billy had just disappeared beside me minutes before), I had to get out of there.

I passed by Mrs. Hillton's desk. I assumed that she'd passed out from the trauma of seeing so many disappear, but as I glanced over to where she'd been, I noticed that she, too, was gone. Who knew how many particles were floating around there as I might have been next!

As I ran to Sal's, I assumed that it was Mr. B. who wrote the note, either for himself or anyone else who'd run into his office confused and scared. For all that everyone said of him and his skimpy uniforms, he did love his students and protected them the best way he could.

Evan was a mysterious boy, 4 years older than me and a senior. I'd seen him skulking around Mr. B.'s lab after hours. He never wanted to get very close to me and seemed pretty shy. But apparently, he was trusted enough by Mr. B. that he knew what was going on, or how to stop it.

Chapter 6 by Vanilla



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"Hey, you are Evan right?"

He looked up, not surprised at all. " I think."

I was suddenly furious. "What do you mean? Listen, this is no time for jokes, We need to save Glendale, that is before we disappear ourselves. I know you know how to stop this. Get moving. Do something!"

"Shut up! Why should I do something? I have no family or friends. I have no interest in this freakin' life! Get lost."

Oh my God. I had not expected this. His self-esteem was touching rock bottom. He needed to realize the genius in him.

"I'm sorry." I waited for a moment before speaking again. "Can we go to my house, and have a little talk? I have a deal for you." I didn't want to stay here any longer, it was eerily cold.

"What deal?" His voice softened.

Yes! He had interest. I smiled. "Come home."

I had exactly the right deal in mind. He could be a teacher, a tutor. He could teach me. He can have a job and some company. He could do this. All I needed to persuade him.

Chapter 7 by Trini Ashheart



Which leads me to now— two years later, Evan sitting on my couch. I've learned a lot about him these past months, and with each tidbit of information gained, my plan to save Glendale grew more and more shocking.

Evan was a death reaper, though, he wasn't like those death reapers you read about in books or watch in movies. Yes, he collected specific souls, but what made him different was the fact that he could also bring *back* the dead.

I had finally gathered up enough courage to ask Evan to bring back the town. I got his attention, made him listen by saying something-or-other about revenge— something I knew he'd understand.

Bu—

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The voice snapped me out of my reverie.

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"You were staring at me for a good two minutes." He sank back into the couch. I hadn't noticed when he sat up. "Anyway, I'm going to have to say *no* to your proposal—"

"You say that my proposition is...pricey?" I asked, cutting him off. A small smirk graced my features. "How so?"

Evan didn't seem to be taken aback. "Well, yes, it is pricey. Not necessarily for me, but for your species. I'm trying to think like you—like a *human*."

"You *are* a hu—"

He cut me off this time. "Glendale was—"

"*/s.*" The game of cutting off someone's speech. So fun. "Glendale *is*."

"Fine. Glendale *is*," he said, dramatically rolling his vowels, "it's a very small town by human standards. About two hundred people, correct?"

I grit my teeth. "Yes."

"Well, that means I need about two *hundred* different human souls to replace theirs." He smiled wickedly.

How does he talk so flippantly about life?

"And even though the human race's numbers are huge, you all seem to care *so* much about life, and happiness, and trust." He stood up on the sarcastically said "so". "You won't be able to kill 200-or-so people, even if it's for your former town. I know you and your people well enough to see that."

My breath hitched. Evan was preparing to leave for his work. It was now or never.

Chapter 8 by very happy



I'm not sure if he means he's leaving or if he's just been talking to me for a long time. I'm not sure if he's been talking to me for a long time or if he's just been talking to me for a long time.

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I'm not sure if he means he's leaving or if he's just been talking to me for a long time. I'm not sure if he's been talking to me for a long time or if he's just been talking to me for a long time.

remember

what was I trying to accomplish?

What did I want?

remember

I couldn't

I don't even remember waking up this morning.

I feel sick

woosie

why was i born?

what was I trying to accomplish?

What did I want?

what was I trying to accomplish?

What did I want?

That was it. that was all I could remember. I muttered a final "e...van" and fell asleep.

For as long as I can remember I've fallen asleep randomly.

I never remember waking up

remember

remember

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